The Bethel Courier.

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The Bethel Courier.

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N. T. TRUE, Editor.

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History of Bethel.

By Dr. N. T. True.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

After all hopes had been given up of rescuing Clark and Segar from the Indians, the inhabitants immediately took measures for their future protection. A request was immediately sent to Fryeburg for a company of soldiers to protect the town. Lieut. Jonathan Clark was chosen to meet a committee from Fryeburg and Bridgton, who assembled in the latter town and made choice of Stephen Farrington, of Fryeburg, as commander. He afterwards received his commission, with the rank of Lieutenant. He appears to have been a man well fitted for the situation.

The company came to Bethel and with the aid of the citizens built two Block houses; the one on the little island near the grist-mill, or as Mr. Joseph Twitchell, now living, thinks, it was built near the dwelling house of Mr. Robbins Brown. Mrs. Martha Rowe who was an inmate and is the only survivor of the garrison describes it as follows:—

"Capt. Twitchell's House was built on the island and consisted of two rooms. The garrison was built on the end of this. It was a breastwork made of hewn timbers with port holes, and of such height as to prevent a man from climbing over it. The soldiers had their cabins inside of this against the walls, while the officers occupied one room in Capt. Twitchell's house. Some of the cabins had the boards arranged outside for want of room. The parade ground of the company was on the plank bridge near Burnham's carriage shop, as there was no suitably cleared spot of land for that purpose. Mrs. Rowe says that she distinctly remembers looking out of the upper window and seeing them on parade. The officers were Bradley, Hutchinson and Lieut. Farrington. These spent much of their time during their stay, in relating stories of Indian warfare in which they were well skilled; many a thrilling story was told which would enrich our history could they be recalled. Mrs. Twitchell had places of concealment for her children in case of an alarm from the Indians. They consequently mentally suffered all the fears and trials incident to warfare.

The inhabitants came to the fort during the night, and during the day went out to their avocations. A single gun was the signal of alarm for all to return to the fort.

Scouting parties were sent out to hunt for the Indians.

Among the soldiers were two brothers, James and Benjamin Russell, who were selected as a scouting party to watch the movements of the Indians in the vicinity, but they seemed to have but little fear of Indians before their eyes, and spent their time in hunting for beaver and sable. The commander hearing this threatened to bring them into the fort, but they compromised the matter by promising to share with them one third of all the game. My narrator added, that it was very doubtful whether the commander ever received his share, as he could remember going into a room which was literally lined with the most valuable furs stretched on hoops as the reward of the chase.

The soldiers remained about two months and returned home. Another block house was erected in the lower part of the town, on the farm of Mr. Amos Young. It was two stories high and was occupied by a portion of the company. The last survivor of this company was Levi Dresser, of Lovell, who lived to an advanced age and died within a few years.

I regret that I have not the names of the whole company. Their names should be recorded.

The effect of this incursion of the Indians on the town was disastrous. The lands became much depressed in value, and settlers were prevented from coming into the town until after the joyful news of peace. It is said that one of the original proprietors sold to Daniel Barker, for a mug of flip, that part of the village on Main Street from Gilman Chapman's House to Davis' Store including a half lot.

A Biblical Reputation.—Mr. Lord, who is now in Illinois, was, a short time since, riding from Jacksonville to Peoria, in that State, and as he was passing a small hut by the road-side he noticed a shaggy-headed boy of about eight years of age, with large eyes and no hat dressed in a worn-out pair of his father's trousers, trying to balance himself on the splintered top of a hickory stump.

More for the purpose of breaking the monotony of riding all day without speaking than to gain information Mr. Lord reined his horse up to the fence and exclaimed:

"My little boy, can you tell me how far it is to Sangamon Bottom?"

The boy poised himself on one leg, opened his large eyes to the largest extent and replied:

"'Bout six miles I reckon."

"Do you live in that house?" inquired Mr. Lord.

"I reckon," was the reply.

"Do you enjoy yourself out here in the woods?"

"A heap."

"What ails your pants?"

"Tore 'em," was the laconic answer.

Finding that he had hold of a genius that could not be pumped, Mr. Lord turned his head to depart, but in his turn was now hailed by the boy, who in a conical half-reluctant tone exclaimed:

"What mout your name be?"

"*Lord*," was the reply.

The boy here grinned all over to the wrinkles in his father's trousers, and seemed hardly able to suppress a broad snicker.

"You seem pleased," said Lord: "perhaps you never heard the name before?"

"Yes, I have," replied the youngster "I've heard Bob read about you!"

Lord put spurs to his horse, and says that even the thoughts to which the incident gave rise were not sufficient to keep him from snickering throughout the rest of the journey.

☞ The correspondent of the Boston *Journal* speaks thus of Waterville College:—

The Freshman class will be the largest which has ever entered here. Forty-three have been admitted already, and the Class will not number less than fifty at the commencement of the Fall term. With an efficient Faculty, and a President of rare qualities for the office, the College promises much for the future. President Champlin's ability for the honorable position he has so ably and successfully filled, is universally acknowledged. He is *the* man for the place. Stern though not severe, a keen observer of human nature, a swift exterminator of the *drone* and *college thaggard*, mild yet unflinching when duty calls, he has won the approbation of student and citizen.

The exercises this year have been of peculiar interest to all present. The literary exercises, the flourishing condition of the College, and happy countenances of all, conspired to this result.

——"I say, Broom!" "Call me by my whole name, if you please, sir. It has a handle to it, and was meant to be used, sir." "That's so. Well, Broom-handle, how are you?"

☞ A humble ignorant man is better than a proud scholar who studies natural things and knows not himself.

Selected Tale.

The Stray Boat.

After supper we went on deck, and Captain Linus Morbuck told us the following story:—

A few years ago I had command of the brig *Nimrod*, and was bound up the Mediterranean, with an assorted cargo, meaning to bring home liquors and fruit. On the tenth day out, just at night, I was overtaken by the United States sloop-o'-war, *Preble*. She had been in sight nearly all day, and at length overhauled us. She spoke to us, found out where we were bound, and informed us she was bound in the same direction. At dark she was still hull up ahead, not having gained over two or three miles. As the sun went down there were signs of bad weather, and we shortened sail some. About midnight we thought we could see something that looked like a fire clear away of the starboard bow; but it lasted only a few minutes, and then went out.

On the next morning the sloop-o'-war was just in sight, but we lost her before noon. The wind was from the south'rd and quite fresh. About two o'clock in the afternoon, one of the men who happened to be aloft, said he saw something away to the south'rd and east'rd, that looked like a boat. I took my glass, and went up into the fore-top, and I soon made out a boat full of men tossing about upon the water, with a red shirt, of some kind, hoisted upon a pole. I came down and at once stood for the boat, which we came up to in half an hour. She was a long, large, light-built boat, a spare bottomed, almost, and different from the common boats of sea going vessels. There were twenty five men in her, and as they came up over the sides, I was not much pleased with their appearance; they were bad looking fellows, stout, dark and reckless, and I fancied I could see a peculiar carelessness in their manners, which seemed to indicate that they only received what they expected. Perhaps I did not notice this so much then, because they professed to be very grateful, and I have no doubt they were.

The leader of the saved ones gave me his name as Samuel Lowbray. He said he was captain of a barque from Havana, and bound to Lisbon. The night before his vessel caught fire, and when he found that it could not be extinguished, he and his men took to their boat. So they had only been in the boat some sixteen hours. Of course that was the fire we had seen, and I thus knew that so much of the story was true. This Lowbray was a Spaniard, though he spoke the English language very well. But of course I know he had not given his true name, for there was nothing Spanish about that.

We got the boat over the side, stowed away a mid-ships, and then I got my mate, a Mr. Allen, to provide some sleeping place for the new comers. Five days passed away, and at the end of that time I began to mistrust that all was not right. The strangers jabbered together in their own jargon, and I knew from their looks that they were up to some sort of mischief; or, at any rate, I feared so. I had seen enough to assure me that they all had hidden arms, and that they were unscrupulous fellows. I communicated my fears to my mate, and he acknowledged that he had held the same fears. We talked the matter over, and at length came to the conclusion that we would make a run for the sloop-o'-war.

We had of our crew, only fifteen hands all told—fourteen beside myself; so we should stand little chance with the interlopers. For forty-eight hours we ran with all the canvas we could crowd on, but I found that we had no hopes of overhauling the *Preble*. I began to feel uneasy. But it seems that I wasn't to be in doubt much longer, as you shall hear.

The night after we had made up our minds that we could not catch the sloop-o'-war, I went down into the cabin to look over the day's reckoning. It was near ten o'clock. I was alone, and had just got my dead reckoning out when I heard some one of the boat's crew. At first I was a little startled, but I quickly saw that this was the only one of the whole gang who had a decent looking face. He was a good looking youth, not over one or two and-twenty, and I had been puzzled by his presence in such a company. He looked rather pale on the present occasion, and I saw that he cast his eyes cautiously around as though he would be sure I was alone.

"What's wanted?" said I.

"Captain Morbuck," he answered, at the same time taking a seat close by me, "I want to tell you something. It is for my good as well as yours. Will you listen?"

I assured him I would.

"Then listen," he resumed, and he went on and told me as near as I can remember, as follows: Said he—"My name is John Myers. I am a native of Philadelphia, and have followed the sea for several years. Two years ago I shipped on board one of Uncle Sam's men-o'-war at the navy-yard in Philadelphia, and went on to the Brazil station. After a while I got sick of the service and deserted at Rio. I shipped on board a schooner there and made my way to Havana, where I remained nearly two months. I had got out of money, and was one day in a drinking-house there, when some men asked me if I wanted a good paying berth. I was half drunk at the time, and should have embraced any opportunity that might have turned up. I followed those men down to the piers, and was pulled off to a brig that lay at anchor just outside the Moro. More liquor was given me, and I shipped for a voyage in a slaver! We went to sea that very night, and on the following day I was too sick to care anything. I had a touch of the delirium tremens, but got over it at length, and then went about my duty. But the first day I spent on deck I would have given all I ever owned could I have been clear of the brig. Not only did the work we were engaged in sicken me, but the company of the crew was disgusting. I only hoped that I might find some means of escape before we went at work on the slave coast.

"But I came nigh being delivered with all the rest. Our brig caught fire at night from some fire in the galley dropping into the hold. We could not put the fire out, and we got out our 'river' boat and put off. You picked us up—and then I thanked God because I thought I was clear of the accursed work I had shipped to do. But I soon found that I had given thanks too soon, for the villains had concocted a work more fearful, even than the one I had so much dreaded. Captain Morbuck, they have planned to take your ship, murder you and crew, and then steer for the slave coast, and get their cargo."

You may believe I was thunderstruck; and yet I had feared something of this kind. I questioned Myers closely, and was soon satisfied of the truth of his whole story. I asked him when the villains meant to put their bloody work into execution, and he told me he thought on the next night, but he was not sure that they might not do it before another sun arose! He told me he had not known until that day what they had determined upon, or he should have warned me before. He begged of me to save him if I could; and then asked me what I meant to do. But I could not tell him, I only bade him, let come what might, to seek my side and do as I said. He promised that he would and then left me.

As soon as he was gone, I awoke my mate, and told him the story. He was frightened half out of his wits at first, but gradually he became calm. We talked the matter over, but we could think of nothing that could help us. The villains were bunked in the forecastle and fore-peak, some in hammocks, and some on the floor. We could not attack them there, for before we could kill half a dozen the rest would be up. And then they were mixed with my own men. One thing was sure: I knew I had not a man who could be hired to join them.

"By heaven!" uttered Allen, "let us risk ourselves in our boat rather than surely die! I know they mean to murder us—there can be no mistake about it. And now, rather than have our old brig turned into a slaver why not set her on fire, and let the villains have their own boat, and we take ours?"

I thought of my mate's proposition a moment and then I leaped to my feet. A new idea had entered my mind. I pondered upon it awhile and I felt sure I had hit an expedient.

"I'll smudge 'em out!" I cried.—And then I sat down and told my plan to my mate. He started up with hope: and when he thoroughly understood it we went on deck to explain to the men. We found none of the villains on deck, and in a few minutes every man on the watch had his cue. But of course we could do nothing until after midnight, for it would not answer to route out the other watch lest we should excite the suspicions of the slavers.

It was now past eleven. If the villains meant to make an attack before we were ready, then we had to fight—that was all. It was not quite midnight when we called the watch but of course no one below knew of that.—The first watch went down as usual and turned in without undressing.—Two of the slavers came on deck when the mid watch was set, but they only remained a few moments, and then went below again. At one o'clock all was still. I had made the second watch acquainted with the whole affair and was now ready for work.—One of the men was sent down into the forecastle to see how matters were there and he returned with the information that all was quiet, the villains being all asleep and the others all awake. As soon as I heard this I went at work.

The main hatch was taken carefully off and laid one side and then two very large thick tarpaulins put over the open hatch ways and firmly secured to the combings. We let these tarpaulins bag down as much as possible, so that they would hold a considerable of a load. They were thoroughly soaked in salt water and I knew that they could not easily catch fire. Then into the wide basin thus formed, I put a lot of shavings which the carpenter had made a few days before, some old rags of oakum and so on and had them well soaked with oil; and I also had a couple of buckets well filled with oil and set by ready for used. My

[Continued on Fourth Page]

THE REFORM SCHOOL AT WESTBORO'. —We copy from the Worcester *Transcript* the following more full account of the confession of the boy Creadon who set fire to the Reform School at Westboro':

"He says, about a month ago, after he had received a severe flogging for throwing a brick at one of the officers of the institution whereby his hand was spoilt for life the other boys all told him he ought to be revenged.—They proposed to him to burn the building. He told them he had no matches. One of the boys named Stinson who had liberty of the house and waited on the table offered to get them for Creadon and did furnish them about a week ago. After he received the matches he said he really did not feel like doing it but the other four boys who were in the secret, kept putting him up to do it.—His employment when at work is on cane-bottoming chairs. On Friday he filled his pocket with shavings of the cane and stuffed them into the ventilator and before he left the room on that morning set them on fire.

He is only fifteen years old last March, bright enough to know all the consequences of his action, and yet in cold blood a month after a punishment for maiming a teacher's hand for life he deliberately acts fire to the building, knowing that he would certainly destroy much property, possible loose many lives!"

CURE FOR HYDROPHOBIA.—Some few years ago Cassius M. Clay, of Kentucky, whose name should give weight to any assertion on the subject that we might make published a letter stating that *rum* taken in sufficient quantities to produce stupor was a sure preventive of that most horrible disease, hydrophobia. He had tried it and seen it tried and knew it would cure it. And again not more than a fortnight before the death narrated above he published in the New York papers, another letter reiterating in the most emphatic terms his former statement, adding that no less than *fourteen* cases had come under his personal observation, every one of which had been cured by the use of rum, as above stated on each recurrence of the terrible symptoms. One of these fourteen was his own boy.—*Gardiner Pearl.*

FIRE.—Boston, Aug. 23. About 7 o'clock this morning a fire broke out in the City Hospital building at Deer Island, which led to a general fire alarm in the city and several engine companies were despatched to the Island by steamers. The fire fortunately was confined to the east wing, the main building escaped damage. A boy confined in the institution confesses to having kindled the fire and implicated two or three other lads, all of whom had been arrested.

The upper part of the east wing of the hospital used as a house of reformation for juvenile offenders was destroyed. The loss is estimated from $10,000 to $12,000.

Three boys, Wm. Coughlin, Thomas Gordon and J. Riley confessed setting the fire by placing combustibles in the ventilator. He intended to set it on fire at midnight, but Coughlin, who applied tht match overslept. Riley was formerly an inmate of the Reform School and attempted its burning.

— At a party in Syracuse, the other evening, two young ladies and two gentlemen underwent the mock marriage ceremony. At the close of the evening, the gentlemen claimed that what was done in fun was legal, and insisted upon carrying out the programme for life. But the ladies "backed," and the two males were compelled to repair to their bachelor homes, declaring that they should certainly claim their lawful brides.

AMAZONIAN.—In the town of Plymouth, Me., recently, a woman flogged a man that told stories about her "big brother," a man that was large enough to fight his own battles. She struck the abject of her wrath seven times with a green hide, when he turned and ran!

DAMAGE BY FROST.—On Tuesday night we were visited by a slight frost. We do not hear of any damage to the field crops, but are informed that cranberries in Dedham, Concord, and other places suffered severely. One person estimates his loss at not less than one hundred barrels.—*N. E. Farmer.*

The Bethel Courier.

BETHEL, FRIDAY, August 26, 1859.

FRYEBURG.—We made a pleasant visit last week to this classic town. Fryeburg village is a quiet and pleasant place. We do not know as our neighbors, the Pequakets, will like our comparison, but the village reminds us of a very appropriately dressed single lady of thirty, who is agreeable, neat in person and refined in manners. If she does not possess all the joyousness of sweet sixteen like her sister, Bethel Hill, she has those traits that especially command your respect.

The Webster Association, held its anniversary Aug. 17th. in the Congregationalist Church. The house was well filled with an intelligent audience. The Oration had one great merit, it was long enough. The Poem was delivered by Mr. Daniel Webster Peabody, of Gorham, N. H. and was a most fitting chaplet to the Oration. His subject was, The Earnest Man, which he treated in a most happy manner.

In the evening there was a Collation in the Academy Hall. This was well decorated with portraits and other paintings, and the table was richly spread with everything to gratify the physical man. It is rare that we ever meet in a literary festival, even in our colleges, where so much wit and good humor, and good speaking are heard as we listened to that evening. Nor can we forbear to speak of the music on the occasion. One of Fryeburg's daughters was present on a visit, whose powerful, yet bird like voice, still rings in our ears. That was worth a trip to Fryeburg.

The Academy is under the care of Mr. Wellington, who is a successful teacher and the school is in a most flourishing condition under his supervision. All that is necessary to give permanency to his relation there, would seem to be for some one of the fair daughters of that town to throw their silken net over him. We shall long remember our visit there.

☞ In our rambles the other day we came across the Anasagunticook House, and after partaking of a generous draught of the waters, composed of Sulphur, Iron, Lime and Magnesia, we proceeded to the dining room, where we found a perfect pattern of neatness and good cookery. We satisfied the inner man just as all editors are obliged to do. Travellers in quest of a quiet and healthy retreat can find no better place than this.

☞ Elder Samuel Haselton, of this town has given us an account of a Willow which he recently saw on the farm of Mr. Elijah Seavey in Upper Bartlett, N. H. It was set out by Mr. Seavey, in the form of a stick in 1806. It measures in circumference, three feet from the ground thirteen feet, and seven feet from the ground, near where the limbs branch out, it is sixteen feet. It measures across the top just eighty two and-a-half feet, or five rods. This is a pretty rapid growth in fifty three years, and it is still in a thrifty condition.

☞ While at Fryeburg last week we were shown an autograph of Daniel Webster written while Preceptor of the Academy in that town in 1802. It was written at a period of life when even a strong man may for time appear very weak, just like a lobster that has cast off his shell and is obliged to creep into some secluded spot till he becomes case hardened;—when nothing is so pleasing to his ear as Love and Dove; Soul and Pole, and similar words. Still such a letter does not diminish our estimate of man.

☞ They are building a bridge across the Kennebec at Hallowell. That is what the river is made for along there.

☞ The Tri Weekly *Publisher*, of Haverhill, Mass. is a spirited paper edited by one of Bethel's sons, Z. E. Stone. It cannot help being a live paper.

☞ We recently saw, in a Cemetery, a delicate and touching tribute to the memory of a young and lovely wife. A beautiful monument was erected over the grave, and around it was trained the Virgin's bower in full bloom.

It wound around the column in such a graceful manner that it reminded one of the frail form o woman reclining for support on some reliable support in human shape, while its white flowers seemed scattered as tastefully as if arranged by design. We honor the heart that will thus be drawn out to embellish the grave of a loved one.

☞ By the politeness of Geo. M. Barrows, Esq., we were shown a copy of Russel's Echo, or Northern Star, a paper printed in Fryeburg in 1798. Copies of that paper are very rare. Not a complete file is in existence. Should any of our older inhabitants have any copies, we would like to see them. Few persons are aware how difficult it is to obtain a paper that is fifty years old.

☞ If you, being a gentleman, want to obtain a clearer view of a landscape, turn your back to it, bend down, and look between your legs, and it will increase the sight very much. Everything will appear with a sharper outline than before, owing to the increased action of the blood on the brain and the optic nerves. Try it.

☞ A party of three went on to Stoneham Mt. last week for blueberries, and camped for the night. The next day while picking berries, their camp caught fire and burned up their coats and two and-a-half bushels of blueberries.

☞ We have received a copy of the Lawrence *Republican* (Kansas,) containing the Constitution recently adopted at Wyandot for the new to be State of Kansas.

☞ The *Journal* comes to us this week with one column sprouted out longer than ever. The editor has undertaken the dangerous task of writing poetry. It always pains us to see a limping horse.

☞ Godey's Book for Sept. is received and is filled with a good variety of entertaining and useful reading. It has an interesting page of music, entitled "I'LL THINK OF THEE."

TALL RYE.—Mr. Frank Hapgood, of this town raised a stock of rye the present season, that measured seven feet and six inches in height. Who can beat that?

☞ We notice that from some cause the paint is badly worn off one of the churches in this village.

☞ The Fall Term of Gould's Academy will commence next Tuesday. We hope that every student will be in his seat at that time. Parents should see to this point. A few lessons lost at the commencement of the term will affect a scholar most seriously throughout his course. We do love punctual scholars.

☞ We have received some specimens of wheat raised in Illinois from Jacob Brown, Esq. It is very nice, though we are not certain but that we have raised some handsomer the present year.

☞ Ladies Home Magazine for Sept. is received. This Magazine is worthy a place in every family.

—It takes one minute longer to boil an egg on Mt. Washington than at the Glen house at the base.

—A meteorological *Journal* kept in Gardiner shows the amount of rain which fell during the month of July just passed, to have been 1 3-4 inches only.

—The wife of Choate said in answer to some common-place congratulations about his fame, that "he was so true and perfect a husband and father that no thought of his being a great man ever entered the household."

For the Courier.

BUCKFIELD, Aug. 17th 1859.

MR. EDITOR:—About two miles from this place is one of the most charming spots I have ever seen, known as "Basin Falls." With a few friends, a few days ago, I visited it, and was highly delighted. It is somewhat secluded, yet it is frequented by those who love an occasional moment of pastime. Indeed, it is a nice place for reflection. The murmuring waterfall, the natural basins at the bottom of which, through the pure water, may be seen mosses clinging to little pebbles, and a lively number of minows, the huge rock verdant slopes, over-arching trees whose silvery leaves frisk in the sweetly scented warm breezes, the nimble squirrel and the little songsters that greet visitors with vocal music, are things which delight the mind, fill it with grand thoughts and direct it to the Architect of the Universe. But there is one thing which to me is more attractive than any of the others, one that is the cavities that the water has made in the bed of solid rock over which it wends its way towards its destination. The old saying that "a continual dropping will wear a stone," is there verified. These cavities are round, deep as they are wide, perfectly smooth, and of size considerable. When their formation commenced is not within my knowledge, and probably not in man's, but perhaps at the commencement of Time.

Now from this little work of Nature man can learn a lesson, perhaps a great one, of himself. It teaches him that though he appears to himself to be of little importance in the world, yet he affects it: he makes an impression on mankind as the pebble does upon the sides of the cavity into which it is casually thrown, and there moves round and round till it is entirely worn out, and the particles of matter that composes it have passed away. The pebble that is thrown into the brook, and accidentaly finds its way to some whirlpool and there accomplishes its mission—wears itself out, does not perhaps obviously affect the sound substance which surrounded it, and man as he moves through the world may feel that his influence is small yet he affects the community in which he resides, affects mankind—the world. The goal of his ambition may appear to be afar off, his efforts to obtain useful knowledge may seem in vain, his labors for the upbuilding of *right* and overthrow of *wrong* may seem to be fruitless, but every step he takes towards annihilating the evils that beset the walks of life he makes better the condition of himself and mankind. His actions will tell for good or evil. If the fruits of his labors are not gathered by himself, they will be by those who may come after him. As the pebble is affected and affects as it is borne along by the water of the little brook, so will man be affected and affect the world as he passes through it.

L. B.

—The Atlantic Monthly for Sept. is at hand, Contents; "The Life and Works of Ary Scheffer a worthy tribute to a worthy man." "A visit to Martha's Vineyard," much information is given here of this out of the way place. "The Eleusinia," continued. Interesting to Classical Scholars. "The Minister's Wooing," continued. "A Trip to Cuba." The author we opine is one of the faultfinders to be found everywhere. "Zelma's Vow." "The Murder of the Innocents." This is a capital article and should be read by every parent and teacher. "My Double, and how He undid Me." "The Professor at the Breakfast Table," we confess that we do not see through all the witty sayings of the Professor in this number. "Reviews and Literary Notices." Taken as a whole this is an excellent number.

—We wish some strangers would go to work and remove the rocks around the Churches in this village. We fear our citizens will never do it. An appropriation of a few dollars would effect the object.

For the Courier.

What is Love?

What is love? Ask a child and he will tell you that it is the tie which binds him to his home. Ask the young man and he will tell you that it is a passion which none can control, a certain something springing from the heart, something pure, at others full of envy and deceit.

Ask a maiden of "sweet sixteen," she blushes bangs her head and is silent, this is her answer and this is enough, it speaks plainer than words, and could you read the thoughts which are uppermost in her mind, they would tell you a tale of the purest love.

Put the question to a married man and he will point you to his home, ask a single man of forty, and as his mind conveys his thoughts back to the scenes of his youth, back perhaps to some lovely being whom he once loved with the purest affection, but whom cruel, fate being against him, had severed from him as he thinks of all this he heaves a deep-drawn sigh and his lips refuse their utterance.

Ask an aged man, whose stooping form and withered locks proclaim him to be fast hastening to the grave that bourne from which no traveller returns and as he raises his eyes to heaven and points with trembling fingers into the blue etherial which spans the immensity of space above, his only answer is "God is love." FRANK.

— Mrs. Harrison, the venerable widow of ex-President Harrison is very ill at her residence at North Bend.

— Last week, a lady started from Albany for Geneva to make a visit. She took with her a favorite "cat," as a companion. The animal becoming somewhat troublesome, was ejected from the cars at Fonda. Some days after pussy walked into the house of the lady at Albany to the utter astonishment of the family.—The cat had returned home a distance of over thirty miles.

Republican Nomination.

OXFORD COUNTY.—For Senators—Samuel B. Holt, of Turner; Thomas Moulton, of Porter. For County Commissioner—Gilbert Barrett, of Sumner. For County Treasurer—William A. Pidgin, of Paris.

—The temperature of the month of June was nearly three degrees below the average; and it was the coldest July for twenty-seven years.

—We notice that our neighbor, Mighill Mason, Esq., is draining the meadow near his house. We think before many years, that many a wish will be turned towards that spot for its possession when it shall be brought under complete cultivation and adornment. It is astonishing what a different estimate the public will place upon a lot when it is neatly fenced cultivated and planted with trees.

—The Androscoggin Agr. Society hold their Fair at Lewiston, Oct. 4. 5 and 6. The Address will be delivered by Rev. Z. Thompson of Bethel.

PERFECTLY RIDICULOUS.—To see an Editor writing a long editorial in dog days.

—The Maine *Rural* comes to us with a well dressed head and a well furnished body. It is a good paper.

MISSING.—About the middle of May, last, Kelsey O. Brown, left his home in Mason, to go to Waterford, on foot, across the mountains, to transact some business. Since that time nothing has been seen or heard of him. He did not do his business in Waterford, and it is thought by his friends, he may have gone into Aroostook County. Any information, concerning him will be gratefully received by his afflicted family.

[Will the *Aroostook Pioneer* please copy.]

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—*W. K. M.* Yours next week.

Acrostic.—Yours is hardly up to the mark. Better exercise your pen on prose.

Beauty. On file.

ITEMS.

The New York papers tell a story about a financier who was sent from Minnesota to negotiate the sale of a large amount af State bonds in New York, where he was overcome by the wiles of a gambling saloon decoy, who plied him with wine and then got him to the gambling den and stripped him of all his money, and $136,000 worth of bonds, in play. The next day the Minnesotian awoke to a realization of his folly and his losses, and by the aid of some Wall street friends got back his bonds at an expense of $60,000 to $80,000.

Henry Smith, one of the six Reform School boys who escaped from the Fitchburg jail, where they were taken after the fire, was arrested at his home in South Deerfield on Friday, and on Saturday taken back to Fitchburg.

Gen. Cushing has been offered the mission to Central America, but declines it.

Mrs. Bostwick, a favorite vocalist of Chicago, recently visited the wilds of Lake Superior, and sang before an audience principally composed of Menomonee Indians and half breeds. At first, with true Indian stoicism, they sat as stony as statues. But Mrs. Bostwick's beautiful tones soon melted the marble, and their delight found expression in a series of yells and war whoops, if not so harmonious, vastly more emphatic than more civilized audiences.

The Cincinnati papers are complaining of the "peculiar taste" of the water of the Ohio, which has become as unpotable as that of the Croton or Schuylkill. A chemist attributes the infection to large quantities of decaying hay and straw, which have been washed out by the late freshets in the streams above.

On Thursday morning, 18th inst, about 2 o'clock, the house of Jonathan Plaisted of York, Maine, was discovered to be on fire, and so speedily consumed that the inmates barely escaped with their lives, and without recovering any of their property. The house was insured.

In New York on Sunday afternoon, Miss Mary J. Patterson, of No. 258 Monroe street, surprised a burglar in her apartment, packing up silk dresses and other wearing apparel, and closing the front door, made him prisoner. The rascal made several attempts to knock her down, but she dodged all his blows, and determinedly kept the door for several minutes. He finally succeeded in pushing her aside, and escaped to the street, where she followed, and raising an alarm, the thief was captured. Miss Patterson is a brave young lady.

The amount of land sold at the recent Government sales in Kansas is said to have been astonishingly small, compared with former years; while the subsequent location of land warrants was very limited.

A lad twelve years of age, son of Charles Holbrook of Amherst, N. H., on Monday fell from the high beams of a barn to the floor, breaking both arms just above the wrists, and his nose.

Police officer Switzer, of New York, attempted to arrest some disturbers of a picnic on Sunday, when his head was split open with an ax, and he received wounds with other weapons that render his chance for recovery very small.

A letter from Nagasaki, Japan, of the 21st of April, says: "The new Emperor becomes every day more and more liberal to the Europeans, and the mandarins of the provinces, instead of subjecting them, as heretofore, to all sorts of ill treatment, display great regard for them."

The big tunnel on the Covington and Ohio railroad, in Greenbriar county, Va., is 4700 feet long, and 700 feet below the surface of the earth. It is 360 feet longer than the Blue Ridge tunnel. The width is 27 feet, to accommodate a double track, and the hight is 23 feet.

The Bethel Courier.

MAILS.

Mails close as follows:—
To Portland, - - - 10 A. M.
To Island Pond - - - 4 P. M.

ARRIVAL & DEPARTURE OF TRAINS

Morning train leaves Bethel for Portland at 10 45, A. M. Returning—arrives from Portland at 4 1-2, P. M.

RELIGIOUS SERVICES.

Every Sabbath at 10 1-2 o'clock, A. M., and 1 1-4 P. M., in the following churches:—
First Cong'l, - - - Rev. Mr. WHEELWRIGHT.
Second " Rev. Mr. GARLAND.
Universalist, - - - - Rev. Mr. GAINES.

MEETINGS FOR PRAYER.

Sunday evenings at 7 1-2 o'clock, at the vestry. Bible Class, Tuesday evenings. Prayer Meeting Saturday evenings.

☞ Friend Lamson of the *Reporter*, thinks that we must be a poet.

We should think so, too, if we could get along with it; but the truth is, we never could make more than one line at a time. We were also exceedingly flattered the other day by an old friend who, on hearing us sing, declared that our voice had improved,—grown mellow with age, like old wine. We well knew there was a capital chance for improvement. But Bro. L. has made our Pegasus rampant, and we shall start on a race not knowing where we shall be brought up.

A Steamboat Ride.

Adown the pleasant Androscoggin,
Coursed a pleasant party;
Not a party fresh from logging,
But of Editors all hearty.
The mate was Lamson, of the *Reporter*,
Who ne'er believes in dreaming;
Who saw a girl in Paristown,
But did not dare to court her.
(Bro. L. is such a queer fellow that we are unable to make up anything regular about him.)
Round and ruddy Mr. Weston
Kept a lookout in the distance,
Lest the boat some crag should rest on,
And need all our assistance.
Forbes was there with his cold water,
To quench the fires around him,
And Elwell with his wife and daughter.
When lost, so glad to think they found him.
Soon overhead we saw a *Pidgeon*;
Alone he flew much frightened;
Millett bawled out 'twas but a widgeon.
And his waistbands then untightened
Then Father Holmes & Uncle Sayward,
Talked loudly in the Cabin,
As though all men were going wayward.
And * * * * *
And in the Cabin were other thirty,
Some fat, some lean, some hungry;
Some neat, some clean, some—*dirty*;
And * * * * *

Here are two verses that we cannot possibly finish out, and this is always the case with our poetry; and so we prefer to jog along in smooth prose. What was the result of the ride, we have forgotten. The only original thing that we see in our poetry is the figure of Rhetoric called *Catabole*, which means commencing with the sublime, and ending with the ridiculous. Now we earnestly hope that none of our readers will take to writing *poetry* with the hope of excelling us in the divine art.

BURNETT'S COCOAINE.—We have so many times spoken in terms commendatory of this really excellent and agreeable preparation for the growth and preservation of the hair that another word from us would seem unnecessary to acquaint our readers with an article that has become a household word.—*Newburyport Herald.*

Burnett's popular preparations, Cocoaine, Florimel, Kalleston, &c., can be found at J. S. Abbott's Store, under this office.

The Machias *Union* says some of the people about that region, have already dug their potatoes to secure them from "rot."

Edward Muliken aged ninety-four years and eight months died in Sidney on the 9th inst. He was a Revolutionary Pensioner having enlisted as a soldier at the early age of 15 years—being so small he often remark that "they had to stretch him to make him measure enough.'

—Teachers will notice the call for a Convention at Lovell. They may collect much valuable information by attending its meetings. Every new idea acquired is worth a dollar.

CONVENTION.—The Republican Representative District Convention will be held at Newry Corner, on Saturday September 3d.

WESTERN SKETCHES.—No. 4.

In passing through Chicago with its 130,000 busy inhabitants, new and splendid buildings, and millions of wealth, where, a short time ago, stood Fort Dearborn, to keep the Indians from depredating on our frontier settlements, one is struck with astonishment at the progress of civilization in our country. 85 miles north of Chicago on the west side of Lake Michigan, another young city of 50,000 or 60,000 inhabitants is springing up; Milwaukie is scarcely in her teens, yet it is a handsome, flourishing, business place. Many of the buildings seem to emerge from the water. I could see no foundation or underpinning, and they appeared like prairie grass to start out of the water. From Milwaukie I went to Waupun, where the States's Prison for Wisconsin is located. Here I had a splendid view of the scouring, rubbing, and polishing of the upper surface of the lime-stone underlaying the clayey earth, and broken down lime-stone and surface limy soil deposits. In the Prison yard the earth eight or ten feet deep has been removed from the surface of the lime strata, in order to quarry the rock to build a wing to the Prison, so I could see a large surface exposed. It was beautifully polished over the uneven as well as the usual horizontal floor of the rock. I noticed the appearance of a portion of the upper stratum 5 or 6 inches thick having been broken off and removed; the remaining upper layer of the rock was nicely rounded off and smoothed.—The diluvial strata were everywhere visible. The flood drift was, by the magnetic needle, from a point 30 deg. East of North towards the South 30 deg. W.

A fossil had been taken out of this quarry and deposited in the prison.—It was about 4 feet long and 9 to 10 inches in circumference. The State Geologist thought it might have been a Sturgeon. This secondary lime-stone formation, I understand, underlies a large portion of the eastern lake slope of the State. Occasionally there may be seen knolls a little above the level of the ground, left by the floods, composed of earth, pebbles, gravel, fragments of trap rock, (hard head), and rarely a piece of granite with rounded corners and often stained with iron. Small lime-stone boulders are common, and make good lime.—The soil is loamy and productive.—The surface water is limy. In order to get good water it is necessary to dig down to the rock and then drill into it deep enough to obtain sufficient pure water. The deeper the rock is perforated the better the water and the higher it ascends. The seams around the hole receives the triturated stone cut up by the drill, so that there is no necessity of clearing it out. These wells are of different depths.—My brother's well is 126 1-2 feet deep. The water is good. The deeper this great deposit of lime-rock is penetrated, the harder and older it grows, so that down deep it is very hard pressed and dense, and is not soluble in water.

J. O.

For the Courier.

BETHEL, Tuesday Eve. }
August 24, 59 }

DEAR COURIER:—I have just returned from a delightful trip to "The Anasagunticook," and I cannot deem it presumptuous to give your good readers a brief sketch of a stranger's opinion of this pleasant resort.

My ride thither was made exceedingly gratifying by the company of one of your companionable citizens and by the rare and beautifully grand scenery presented to view all along the way. You, who live and thrive in the midst of all this, I am sure cannot too fully appreciate it.

Arriving at the *Anasagunticook* we were kindly received by mine host Chapman and his excellent lady, who by their kind attention, soon made us feel perfectly at home.

A short walk took us to the Mineral springs. With considerable faith and more avidity, we imbibed its health-giving waters, and are now strongly impressed that we are very favorably affected thereby.

While tarrying there we cast our eyes about and saw a matronly lady bathing her face in the miracle-working element. We of course inferred that she believed in the efficacy of the water to restore the beauty which time had somewhat marred. If faith will remove mountains, why not an application of it, held in solution by this pure blood of mother Earth, restore and revive faded charms?

We cordially commend Bethel Mineral Springs to all who are in pursuit of "the blush of beauty and the glow of health," and we assure all such, as well as pleasure seekers that they can find no better home than THE ANASAGUNTICOOK.

I hope to speak of your beautiful thriving village elsewhere.

Yours Truly, SOJOURNER.

JUSTICE'S COURT.—Mrs. Sarah Bagnal, of Albany, was brought before Justice Burbank on Friday last, on complaint for selling liquor, and fined $10 and cost.

—The Publisher received one day this week a large mess of very nice potatoes, for which he returns his thanks to Master Chas. Twitchell, of this village.

BETHEL PRICE CURRENT.

CORRECTED WEEKLY FOR THE COURIER.

Flour	$6,50 a 8,50	Beef,	6 a 10
Corn,	1,10	Round Hogs,	6 a 8
Rye,	1,00 a 1,00	Hams,	10 a 12
Seed Wheat,	1,50 a 1,75	Lard,	12 a 15
Oats,	50	Chickens,	8 a 10
Butter,	12 a 16	Turkeys,	9 a 10
Cheese,	9 a 13	Beans,	1,00 a 1,62
Eggs,	14	Wool,	25 a 37
Apples,		Woolskins,	50 a 1,00
Dried Apples	10	Hay,	7,00 10,00
Potatoes,	20 a 30	Wood,	1,50 a 1,50

PRINTER WANTED!
AT THIS OFFICE.

NOTICE.

THE Members of the Bethel Farmer's Club are requested to meet at the Vestry, Monday Eve., Aug. 29th, at 7 o'clock to make arrangements for the Town Fair.

Bethel, Aug. 25, '59. PER ORDER.

TEACHERS' CONVENTION
—AT—
LOVELL!

THE TEACHERS' CONVENTION for the County of Oxford will be held at Lovell, and commence on

MONDAY, SEPT. 5th, 1859.

The following gentlemen will be associated with the undersigned as instructors:

Charles W. Sanders, A. M.,
Of New York.
Walter Wells, A. M.,
Of Portland.

School Officers and Parents, as well as teachers, are invited to attend the Convention

By the generous interest of the citizens of Lovell, board will be furnished for the session which will close on Saturday, Sept. 10th, at $1,50 The exercises on Monday will commence at 10 o'clock, A. M.

MARK H. DUNNELL,
Norway, Aug. 22. Supt. Common Schools.

The Great Embalmer in all Mankind.

TAKE THEM AND LIVE!
USED THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.
HERRICK'S
SUGAR COATED PILLS
And Kid Strengthening Plasters!!



ONE box of Herrick's Sugar Coated Life Pills, costing only 25 cents, will last a family 6 months, save twenty-five dollars in physicians' bills, 15 or more dollars in lost time, and not unfrequently, the life of some member of the value of which cannot be estimated in dollars and cents.

Herrick's Kid Strengthening Plasters cure in five hours, pains and weakness in the breast, side and back; Rheumatic Complaints in an equally short space of time. Spread on a beautiful lamb skin, their use subjects the wearer to no inconvenience, and each one will wear from one week to three months.

Pills, family boxes, 25 cents.
Plasters on kid, 18 3-4 cents.
DR. CASTLE'S
Magnolia Catarrh Snuff,

Cures Catarrh, Deafness, Sore Weak and Inflamed eyes; Discharges from the Nose and Ears; removes those disagreeable sensations resembling the whizzing of steam, sound of distant waterfall, etc., and all complaints of the Head. Boxes 25 cents, with full Directions.

HARVIL'S CONDITION POWDERS,

For diseases of Horses and Cattle. The sale of these Powders is immense, the satisfaction they give unbounded. Large Packages 25 cents with full Directions.

HERRICK'S matchless Sugar Coated Pills in large boxes, 25 cents. Five boxes $1,00. Plasters on White Kid Leather, 18 3-4 cts.

These here articles are sold by all Druggists, and by one or more Agents in every City, Town and Hamlet in the civilized world. Herrick's Pills and Plasters have been established 20 years, and have saved thousands from the grave and their work of mercy is not yet half complete. Try them.

HERRICK & CO., Albany, N. Y.

For Sale by L. C. KIMBALL and JAMES NUTTING, Agents at Bethel. BOLS A POTTER, West Bethel.

L. BLASHFIELD, traveling agent. 1y36

READ THIS!
AND THEN HAND IT TO
YOUR NEIGHBOR!!

Don't Forget
to call, yourself, at
EPHRAIM DRESSER'S
DRY GOOD'S
—AND—
GROCERY STORE!!

Before buying your supplies.

At all times on hand a full and Superb Stock of
Foreign & Domestic
DRY GOODS!
AND
GROCERIES,

Boots and Shoes, Feathers, Crockery and Glass Ware, together with
FLOUR, SALT & FISH.
ALSO—
FARMING TOOLS,
Window Glass,
PUTTY, NAILS, &c., &c., &c.,
AT AS
Low Prices
As can be found elsewhere.

EPHRAIM DRESSER.

BETHEL, July 21, 1859.

NOW IS THE TIME TO BUY
CHEAP!

THE SUBSCRIBER having made large additions to his former stock of
Boots & Shoes,
and being in want of a little "Ready Money," now offers to sell for CASH DOWN,
AT COST!!
For 30 Days.

N. B. As it is impossible for me to do Business on the CREDIT SYSTEM, as I have for the year past, I shall hereafter sell for PAY DOWN or not at all. D. P. YOUNG.

☞ Don't forget that you can buy at cost for 30 days.

Bethel, July 29, 1859. 4w33

GOULD'S ACADEMY!
IN BETHEL.

THE FALL TERM of this Institution will commence on the
Last Tuesday in August,
and continue eleven weeks.

N. T. TRUE, A. M., Principal.
Miss O. C. WALKER, Assistant.
Miss P. GROVER, Teacher of Music.
Miss A. S. HASTINGS, Teacher of Drawing and Painting.
Mr. E. FOSTER, Jr., Teacher of Penmanship.

Classes in the Ancient & Modern Languages will be under the instruction of the Principal.

Classes will also be formed in Arithmetic, Grammar and Geography, especially for Teachers, who will receive a thorough drill in these branches, and to whom the best methods of communicating instruction will be daily pointed out. We commend this feature of the school to the especial attention of Teachers. This class must be furnished with Greenleaf's New National Arithmetic.

The Mathematical Department will be under the charge of Miss Walker, who has proved herself a most successful teacher in these studies.

To every student who comes here for the purpose of study, and we receive no others, every facility will be afforded for his thorough and rapid advancement.

Board in families, $2.00 per week, wood and lights extra.

For further information, application may be made to the Principal.

JULY, 20th, 1859.

COMMERCIAL HOUSE,
CORNER WILLOW AND FORE STREETS,
Opposite the Old Custom House, 7
Portland, Me.
N. J. DAVIS, - - Proprietor

F. S. CHANDLER,
HAS JUST RECEIVED A
Splendid Stock of
DRESS GOODS
Consisting of
Challi De Laines, Brilliants, Lawns, French Ginghams, Black Silks, Amaranth Prints, Decals, &c., &c., &c., &c.

ALSO—Men's Cotton Hose, Brown and White do. Womens' and Misses, Ladies' Cloth—Hoop Skirts,
READY-MADE CLOTHING!!
HATS, CAPS and UMBRELLAS,
LADIES' CONGRESS BOOTS
of ever variety,
CONFECTIONERY!
Choice Groceries,
HAYING TOOLS!!
and other goods too numerous to mention.

ALSO—Nice
Soda Water,
constantly on had for those who wish to luxuriate in a Cooling Beverage.

A good supply of Fresh Lemons, Oranges, Figs, Nuts, &c., all of which will be sold at his usually low prices for *Pay down.* Call and see

F. S. CHANDLER.
July 15, 1859.

IT IS SO!

The subscriber, having purchased one of those beautiful large French Cameras, is now prepared to take Portraits from the smallest to life size. Now is the time to secure large pictures at low prices. J. E. SMALL.

Bethel, April, 26, 1859. 20tf

TRUE'S
SUPERIOR
ELIXIR!

THIS medicine is compounded upon scientific principles, of vegetable substances, and is not only a sure exterminator of worms of every description, but it is the best medicine of the age for

Canker, Scrofula, Salt Rheum, Sick Headache, Dizziness, Loss of Appetite, Bilious and Liver Complaints, Jaundice, Dyspepsia, Costiveness and Indigestion.

All of these diseases have yielded to this medicine when they have defied the power of all other. For

Canker in the Mouth or Throat,

It may be used as a gargle several times a day

Dr. JOHN F. TRUE, PROPRIETOR,
26 Lewiston Falls, Maine.

JAMES NUTTING, Agent, Bethel, Me.

ISLAND POND HOTEL,
Island Pond, Vt.

Through Trains dine here.
Way Trains remain over night.

Porters in attendance to convey Baggage to the house FREE OF CHARGE.

Stairs and Covered Passage from Depot to Hotel. G. G. WATERHOUSE,
7 Proprietor.

Fairbanks'
CELEBRATED
Railroad, Hay, Coal and Stock
SCALES!
OF EVERY VARIETY,
FAIRBANKS & BROWN,
1y20 **34 Kilby Street, Boston.**

BOARDING

S. H. CHAPMAN,

WOULD inform the public that he is prepared to accomodate those wishing to procure board and pleasant rooms for the coming season. His house is beautifully located on the Common, corner of

Elm st., Bethel Hill, Me.

and commands a fine prospect
Terms Reasonable.

Horses & Carriages
TO LET!

ICE FOR SALE

In large or small quantities. 6m26

HO FOR GOLD AND SILVER!—HOW to make it easy and cheap. Send a 3 ct. stamp, and get full particulars how to obtain wealth. Address
S. HANKISON, Chemist, 75 West 12th St., Agents wanted. New York City.

WANTED.

A BOY about 15 years of age, to learn the Printing Business. He must have a good English education, be active and steady. To such an one a good chance is offered. Apply at this office.

WOOD'S MOWER,
PATENTED FEB. 22d, 1859.

DURING the six years I have been engaged in the manufacture of the Manny Combined Reaper and Mower, I have given much thought and attention to the construction of what I for-saw would be a great want of the Farmers—a lighter and cheaper machine expressly for mowing, than had yet been made.

And now, after the most thorough and repeated experiments and tests in every variety of field, and in all kinds and in every condition of grass, I am prepared with entire confidence to offer the farmers and dealers of the United States, the great DESIDERATUM in this department of Agricultural labor-saving machinery—a Mower, superior in its capacity for good work to any hitherto introduced, of easy draft, light, cheap and durable.

This machine I now offer as my latest invention, to meet a special want of farmers, and places within the reach of all, a Mower that for practical working, cheapness and simplicity, will be without a rival.

I build Two-Horse and One-Horse Mowers—the Two-Horse Mower weighs 425 lbs., and cuts a swath four feet wide (or more if are ordered.) The One-Horse Mower weighs 2 lbs. less. (395 lbs.) and cuts a swath three and-a-half feet wide.

For a more full description of the Mower, reference is made to my Pamphlets, which will be furnished on application. With each machine will be furnished two extra guards, two extra sections, one wrench and oil-can.

Warranted capable of cutting ten acres of grass per day in a workmanlike manner.

Price of Two-Horse Mower, $85,00.
" One-Horse Mower, 75,00.

Delivered at Depot, Bethel.

I continue as heretofore, and with greater success than at any previous time, the manufacture and sale of "Manny's Patent Combined Reaper and Mower with Wood's Improvement."

AGENTS.—Wm. Sparrow, Portland; John Means, Augusta; Elden & Herrick, Waterville. Neal and Wentworth, Skowhegan; R. B. Hanning, Bangor, or of Chas. E. WHITMAN, Winthrop, General agent for Maine.

WALTER A. WOOD,
Manufacturer & Proprietor.
Hoosick Falls, N. Y.

Descriptive pamphlets may be had, and a sample of the Machine seen by calling on

A. L. BURBANK, Agent,
6w-26 Bethel, Me.

G. T. Railroad.
Portland District.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT
Commencing June 20, 859.

Trains leave daily, (Sundays excepted) as follows:—

Leave Portland for Island Pond and way Stations, at 7 15, A. M., and 1.15, P. M.

Leave Island Pond for Portland, at 7.30, A M., and 1.30, P. M.

Leave Bethel for Portland, at 10.50, A. M., and 4 25, P. M.

Leave Bethel for Island Pond, at 10 8, A M., and 4 25, P. M.

28tf S. T. CORSER, Superintendent.

JAMES NUTTING,
Agent for the following Popular,
Patent Medicines, &c

Kennedy's Discovery,	Peruvian Syrup,
Clark's Female Pills,	Sanford's Invigorator,
Langley's Bitters,	Hembold's Ex. Buchu,
Wild Cherry Bitters,	Hookers Cough Syrup,
Davis' Pain Killer,	Atwood's " "
Bryan's Pulm. Wafers,	Clark's " "
Brown's Troches,	Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.
Churchill's discovery for the treatment of Consumption.	Radway's Ready Relief,
	Hungarian Balsam.
Dr. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters.	Wistar's Balsam Wild Cherry,
Ayre's Cherry Pectoral	Atwood's Jaundice Bitters,
Dr. Clark's European Cough Remedy,	Venetian Liniment,
True's Worm Elixir,	Atwell's Wild Cherry
McLane's Vermifuge,	Bitters,
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Golden Ointment,	Mustang Liniment,
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Airs of Heaven,	Mother's Coming,
Pachouly,	Musk Lavender,
Frangipanni,	Wood's Hair Restorer,
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Bethel, June 19, 1859.

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Littlefield's
MAGNETIC ELECTRIFIER,
FOR THE IMMEDIATE RELIEF OF
Headache, Toothache, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Pain in the Back, Side or Stomach, Earache, Burns, Scalds, Freezes, Chilblains, Bruises, fresh Cuts, old Sores, Ague in the Face, Sore Eyes, Spider bites, Bee stings, &c., and is the best medicine in existence
for
CHOLERA, DYSENTERY,
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SUMMER COMPLAINTS!

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Foreign & Domestic
FRUIT,
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CIGARS, &C.,
No. 13 Exchange Street,
PORTLAND, ME
3m23

Job Printing at this Office.

The Bethel Courier. A Home Paper.

[Concluded from the first page.]

next movement was to take the cook's great copper kettle and fill it with cotton rags and tar. This I took forward and made a line fast to the bail. Just forward of the foremast there was a large hatch-way which opened into the after part of the forecastle, and which was used for letting down a windsail. I carefully took off this hatch and then set fire to the kettle, and as soon as it burned well up I threw on a lot of wet rags and powdered rosin and deck sweepings. Of course this made a cloud of smoke and steam which would fill the forecastle in a moment. I let it carefully down through the hatchway and as soon as it touched the forecastle floor I hastened aft. The mainsails had been already clewed up while I set fire to the pile of combustibles on the tarpaulins, some of the men bore the main topsail aback and then we raised the cry of fire! fire! with all our might; and some of my crew cut loose the fastening of the slaver's boat and began to work it over the rail.

In a moment the pile of stuff upon the secured tarpaulins was in a blaze, and it looked exactly as though the flames came pouring up from the hold. Even to me who had fixed all it seemed as though the devouring element had full sway below. Of course my own men rushed for the deck as soon as I let the kettle down, one of them remaining on the ladder to arouse the sleepers. He had to wait but a moment however for the forecastle was filled with dense hot smoke ere my men had gained the deck. Then they too yelled—fire!

Ere long the villains began to flock upon the deck. They came up in wild confusion and a cry of terror broke from their lips as they saw the fire, as they supposed so furiously bursting forth from the hold. I had kept a man pouring water carefully upon the edges of the tarpaulins while another was throwing oil over the fire.

"Ho! let that boat alone!" yelled the villain captain as he saw that my men had it nearly over. "Get your own boat!"

I sang out for my men to break out the long boat and they apparently went at the work. In the meantime the Spaniards and their companions got their boats over the side and then their captain wanted to know if there was bread and water on deck.

"I've put a lot into your boat," I told him, "for I supposed it would hold all of us. But if you want the boat all to yourselves then let me have one beaker of water and a bag of bread, I cant get to the bread room now.

But the bloody villain only told me to go to the very place where I fancied he ought to have been and then ordered his men to go over. Young Myers crept to my side and asked me what he should do. 'Stick by me," I answered.

In a few moment the large river boat was shoved off and the villains seemed to be waiting to see what we would do.

"Oh?" uttered Myers, in quick, fearful tones, "I am lost at any rate, and so are you! I heard the captain tell his mate that they'd push off, and wait until you'd get off, and then rob you of everything! They'll do it—they will surely!"

"We'll see," said I. And then turning to my men, "Give the main topsail to the wind—quick!" I cried; and while the yards were coming around a dozen buckets of water were cast upon the fire. The water which we had been pouring upon the edges of the tarpaulin to prevent that from burning through had already formed quite a pool in the basin and the twelve buckets extinguished the flames entirely. Myers was fairly thunder-struck. He could not at first believe the evidence of his own senses; but he soon comprehended the whole matter, and then I saw his hand quickly clasped and his eyes turned upward.

By the time the fire was out the old brig had begun to gather headway and the boat was just under the stern. I looked over and hailed the hounds.

"The fire's all out," I cried,—"Wouldn't you like to come back? Ho! I know you and now you may try another plan for carrying out your scheme, !"

"Where's Myers?" I heard one of them ask.

"He's left behind," said another.

And then come up the curses loud and deep. The villains now knew that they had been somehow deceived and Myers had betrayed them. They swore they'd have his life; then many other things they swore of equal terror. They had six oars and I heard their commander order them to pull their might—and they did so; but we had a fresh breeze, and the boat, with its black hearts and bloody hands was soon out of sight astern. The tarpaulins were taken from the hatchway, and all was found safe. The fire in the kettle had done no damage in the forecastle and ere long the place was free from smoke and the off watch turned in.

We saw no more of the boat, nor have I seen any of her crew since.—What became of them I know not. If they were lost at sea I could not feel mournful, for had I been in doubt before the oaths which I heard from them after they were in their boat were proof positive of their intention to murder us and take possession of our vessel. In fact they assured us in so many words and swore they would yet do it! But they didn't.

John Myers proved himself a good seaman. I engaged his services, and he has sailed with me ever since. And now, my friends, let me just say—I have seen a good many hours of danger and darkness but I never before nor since experienced quite so severe a shock as I did when John Myers first told me the story of the slaver and her crew. Nor did I ever feel any more cause for thanks to God than I did when I saw the last of those villains leave my vessel and tumble into his own boat.

So ended Morbuck's story.

INTERESTING STATISTICS.—The U. States are composed of thirty-three States and twelve Territories.

They contain a population of 28,000,000, of whom 23,000,000, are white.

The extent of sea coast is 12,550, miles.

The length of the ten principal rivers is 20,000 miles.

The surface of the five great Lakes is 90,000 miles.

The number of miles of railroad in operation is 20,000, which cost $78,000,000.

The length of canal is 5,090 miles.

It contains the longest railroad on the globe—the Illinois Central—which is 784 miles.

The annual value of its agricultural production is $200,000,000.

Its most valuable production is Indian corn, which yields annually 40,000,000.

The amount of registered and enrolled tonnage is 4,107,010.

The amount of capital invested in manufactures is $600,000,000.

The annual amount of its internal trade is $600,000,000.

The annual value of its products of labor other than agricultural is $1,500,000,000.

The annual value of the income of the inhabitants is $1,500,000,000.

The value of farms and live stock is $5,000,000,000.

Its mines of gold, copper, lead and iron are among the richest in the world.

The value of gold produced is $100,000,000.

The anthracite coal fields is 138,131 square acres.

Within her borders are 80,000 school— 5,000 academies. 234 colleges, and 5,000 churches.

☞ It has heretofore cost about $5,000 annually to supply the Michigan State Prison with water, but at a cost of only seventy dollars, the agent has recently bored an artesian well on the premises, which furnishes an abundant supply of excellent water.

Original Poetry.

On Leaving Home.

C. A. B.

Days of my youth, days of my youth,
How quick they are past and gone,
How quick are fled those happy hours,
That once I called my own.

I find myself now far away,
From the home I loved so well;
I miss the smiles of kindred friends
While alone I here now dwell.

I find myself now far away,
From a father's love and care,
I call to mind the kind advice
He gave to me while there.

I find myself now far away,
From a mother ever dear,
I miss her well known tones of love,
Which once I used to hear.

I find myself now far away,
From brothers and sister too,
And memory calls to mind the things,
That once we used to do.

I know it was but my own choice,
To bid you all adieu,
To leave you all and go with one
Who has to me proved true.

I do not mourn the choice I made,
I feel not thus to do,
But my mind goes back to other days,
That I have spent with you.

THE MAELSTRŒM.

Every schoolboy has some geographical knowledge of this mysterious place. The most yet learned respecting it may be gathered from the following article:

QUESTIONS PROPOSED

Concerning the Maelstrœm, to Mr. Hagerup, Minister to the Norwegian Marine.

1.—Do the common daily tides affect the water so much that it may not be safely passed in small boats?

2.—Do the spring tides so affect it that it may not be passed even by powerful steamers—or how much do they affect it?

4.—Does there ever exist such a whirl in the water that a large vessel would be in danger of being drawn under the surface?

4.—May a steamer pass there in time of both *storm* and *spring tide* without swamping, provided she would not swamp at sea in the same storm?

5.—Has there been any change in the violence of the current there, or any change in the bed through which it passes?

6.—Are there any other currents on the Norwegian coast, which are nearly as bad as, or worse than this?

Reply of Mr. Hagerup, and of Maj. Vibe, Superintendent of the Norwegian Hydrographic Surveys.

1.—"Although the Maelstrœm (between Lofododden and Moskeu) at certain times, and under certain circumstances, of which we shall hereafter speak, may be dangerous for both smaller and greater craft, yet is the danger, *in general*, not of that extraordinary character which, especially in olden times, was supposed, and it can even, at times, be passed by boats. When the wind is steady, and not too violent, boats may venture upon it in summer, yet the rather at flood or ebb tide, for then it rests, or is still for a good half hour. At the point half way between flood and ebb—and the reverse (i. e., half-ebb and half-flood,) it is most violent, and boats ought not then to attempt it."

2.—"In general, and under the before-mentioned circumstances, it may be passed by large sail vessels or steamers; also in time of spring flood and spring-ebb. The difference between these is nine and a half Norwegian feet, while that of the usual daily flood and ebb is only six feet."

3.—"No; as before remarked, the Maelstrœm may at times be still, and with steady wind, be passed by large crafts, and that—when circumstances are favorable—even during the whole interval between ebb and flood, and *vice versa*. Worms do not show themselves, or, at least, not in such strength as to prove dangerous for shipping. (See farther under No. 4.)"

4.—"To pass the Maelstrœm in storm, especially in winter, it is entirely unadvisable for whatever craft, great or small; and, even when such craft could clear itself in open sea, it is neither to be expected or hoped in the Maelstrœm. The following remarks will explain this:—

'The direction and violence of the Maelstrœm are, in a high degree, dependent on wind and weather. When there blows on the sea a storm from the west, it runs continually, in winter to the east, with a rapidity of 8 miles an hour, without changing its direction with the rising or falling tide.—At the point of ebb or flood tide it may, indeed, slightly moderate, or even for a moment, show itself quite still, but it immediately increases again in violence, and sets continually to the east. If at such a time the water is rising (i. e., goes from ebb to flood), the stream became excessively violent and entirely unnavigable for either steamers or any other craft."

"In winter, it not unfrequently happens that, at sea, a bank of clouds shows a west storm, with heavy sea, to be prevailing there, while further in, on the coast, the clear air shows that on the inside of the West-fiord (east side of Lofoden) the wind blows from the land, and sets out through the fjord from the east. In such case, especially, an approach to the Maelstrœm is in the highest degree dangerous, for the stream and undercurrent from opposite directions work there together to make of the whole passage one single boiling cauldron. At such times appear the mighty whirls which have given it the name of 'Maelstrœm' (i. e. the whirling or grinding stream), and in which no craft whatever can hold its course.—For a steamer, it is, then, quite inadvisable to attempt the passage of the Maelstrœm during a winter storm, and for a sailing vessel, it may also be bad enough in summer, should there fall a calm or a light wind, whereby the power of the stream becomes greater than that of the wind, leaving the vessel no longer under command.

"At one place in the stream that is shoal water found, called 'Horgan,' which at a depth of from seven to eight fathoms, is always manifest; since the sea (even in entirely still weather, and without breaking on it) continually, as it were, boils and grinds, and thereby produces a scum-white surface. To avoid this shoal one must hold either close under Hugholmene (the outermost reef on the north side of the island Mosken), or under Lofoddoden—better the latter.

"Between Hogholmene and the west point of Lofoddoden, where the passage is smallest, namely about 12,000 feet broad, the current runs strongest. At some points, it sets in crosswise towards the land; namely where it meets the returning current, which often runs as violent as the great current, but in opposite direction.

"That part of the stream which is between Hogholmene and Mosken cannot be passed at all, as it is full of reefs and shoals.

"We may finally remark that the whirls in the Maelstrœm do not as was formerly supposed, draw vessels to the bottom or under the surface, but that the violence of the whirls may fill them, thrust them against the land, or otherwise destroy them."

5.—"No; no change has been remarked, either in the violence of the stream, or in its bed. The latter consists in part of rock and stones."

6.—"Strong currents are very common on the Norwegian coast, and some of them are still more violent than the Maelstrœm, though they may not, like that, have different courses at different points. One of the best known is Saltstrœmen, between Strœmœ and Knaplundœ in Salten-fjord in Nordland. This very narrow sound connects the said fjord with Skjaerstad-fjord. The latter must thus, through this passage receive the tide, and again, with falling water, return it to the Salten fjord which sets in from the sea. Now, as Saltstrœmmen is scarcely nine hundred feet broad, while Skjarstad-fjord, inland from Salten-fjord, is some thirty miles long, it is easy to imagine that this passage may become violent and often impassible.

"The current also between Vœro and Rœst, and about the latter island, is very violent. Here there exists also a changing movement, since the direction of the stream goes the whole round of the compass in a period of twelve hours."

Such is the official report on the Maelstrœm. It will not fail to interest those who have been interested in the subject. We have long ago, all over the civilized world, given up the theory of a mysterious subterranean tunnel, swallowing up even the very whales that approach. But comparatively few have learned what is the peculiarity of the currents that have made this place so fabulously fearful, and, at times, so really dangerous of approach. We may surely still regard the spot with a tinge of awe. Its over and under currents dashing wildly past each other, are more awe-inspiring than the stormiest sea that rolls and breaks straight onward against the rudest coast.

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A Weekly F

VOL. 1.

The Bethel Courie

JAMES ALTVAGG, Proprietor.

N. T. TRUE, EDITOR.

Published every FRIDAY MORNING—O in FREEMAN'S BLOCK, BETHEL HILL

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